

Arthur's Bad-News Day

A Reading A-Z Level M Leveled Reader

Word Count: 586




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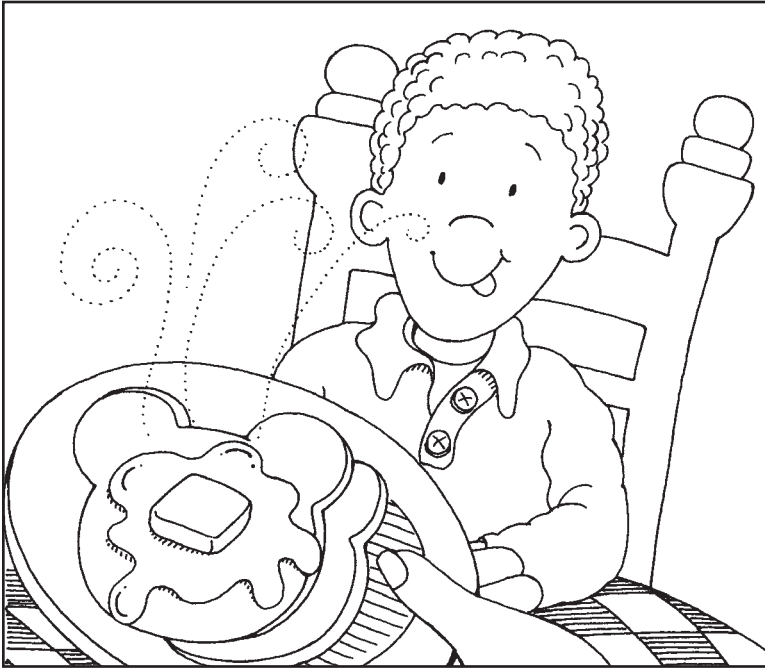


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Correlation

LEVEL M

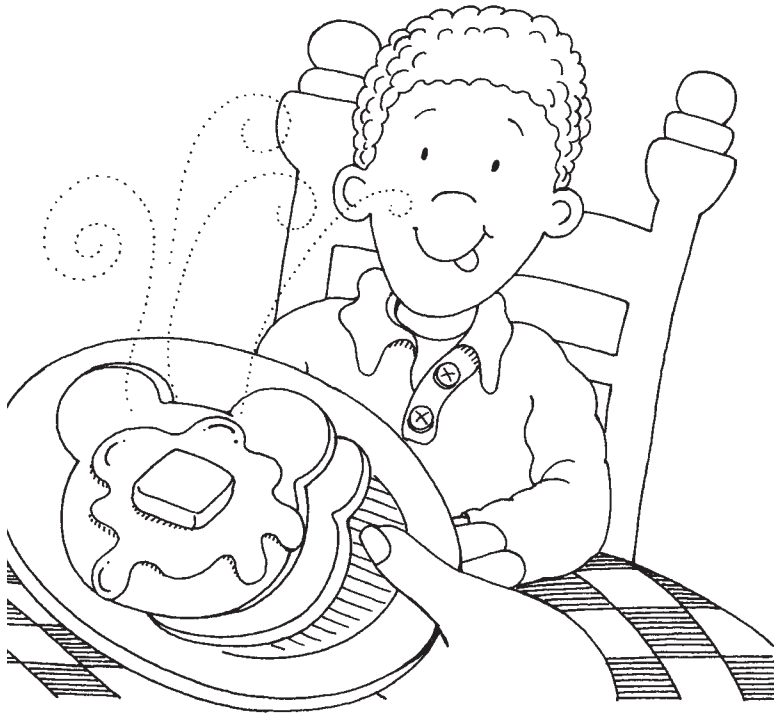
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Hey, sit down, and I'll tell you a bad-news story. My name is Arthur Hankins. The first eight years of my life were nearly perfect—until my parents told me some terrible news.

But before I tell you the bad news, let me tell you about a typical perfect day. Every morning my mom wakes me up by tickling the bottoms of my feet. It makes me laugh and giggle, and starts my day on a happy note.





And my day only gets better. When I go downstairs, the unmistakable smell of hot maple syrup reaches my nose, making my mouth water. For breakfast, Dad makes these really wacky—and delicious—Mickey Mouse-shaped pancakes.



During the drive to school, Mom, Dad, and I sing along really loudly to my favorite music. And my day gets even better! After school, Dad and I kick and toss the ball around until it's time for dinner.



I usually help Mom and Dad prepare dinner. Then we eat and tell each other stories about our day. Mom never forgets about my favorite dessert—a gigantic chocolate chip cookie with milk. I have this special glass I got when we visited Disneyland. It reminds me of the most incredible vacation ever!

Well, it's about time I tell you about the bad news. It's awful. My life will never be the same. A few months ago, my parents told me that soon I'm going to have a little sister. Ugh!





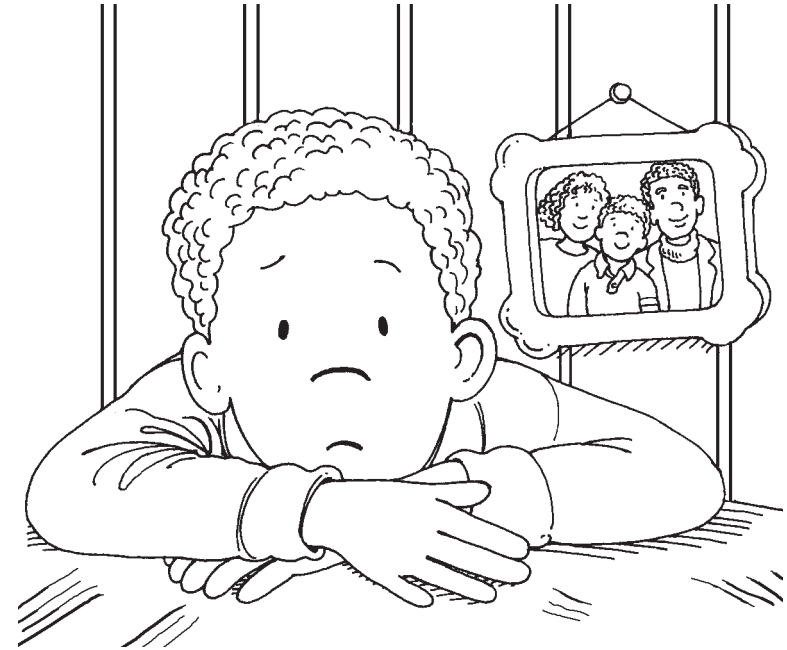
Now can you see why I'm so upset? This is going to ruin everything! For eight years, I have been the focus of all the attention. I haven't had to share my parents with anybody.

One more person will make our house overcrowded, and I know I'm not going to like it. My friend Jeff got a baby sister last year. His dad and mom never have time to play with him anymore. They are always busy changing the baby's stinky diapers! Yuck!





I haven't even told you the most terrible part of the story. I will have to share my bedroom with the baby. No more peace and quiet. My baby sister better not even think about using my personal Disneyland glass. No way.



I told Mom that I don't want a baby sister. I said that I'm happy with the way things are. But all that didn't seem to matter. Today, Mom and Dad are coming home from the hospital with my new sister. I think I'll just tell them to return her. I don't want to share my mom and dad, to say nothing of sharing my room.



Well, here they are. Dad is carrying a bundle of ridiculous pink blankets. Is the baby inside there? Could she be so tiny? Okay, now Grandma is rushing outside. She hugs Mom and then wriggles her head inside the pink blankets.



Grandma tells Dad that the baby is gorgeous. I'm not going out there. I'm going to sit right here. Suddenly, Mom is hugging me in a tight embrace. Before I know it, Dad is putting the baby in my lap.



And then the most amazing thing happens. My baby sister reaches out and grabs my finger, and she won't let go! I think she realizes that I'm her big brother, and she likes me already.



Hey, maybe having a little sister won't be so bad. She is kind of cute. I've decided that we should keep her. Besides, I think Mom and Dad have enough love to share with both me and my sister.